

## EDUCATION.

"Ven you arrives to the dignity of sawin wood, Laffayette if you is ever elevated to that're profession mind an' saw the biggest sticks just 'cause ya? you'll have only the little uns to saw ven you gets tuckered out. Ven you eats pie, as I 'opes you lives to be a man, alwuz eat the crust firs, 'cause the crust ain't a good thing to top off with, especially if its tough and thick as sole leather. Ven you piles up wood, alwuz put the big un to the bottom, alwuz Laffayette, cause it's mighty hard exercise to lift 'em to the top o' the pile. These are the results of observation, Laffayette, an' may be depended on, an' it's all for your good that I say it."

"Vy, father," responded young hope'ul, "vat a nornous 'perience you must ha' had!"

"I say, Earthquake, were you ever in love?" "Ah! Roje, there you are too hard f' me;—I hardly know what to say about that. I have sometimes felt queer, when I've seen some of your Kentucky gals, I've felt right funny—felt as if somebody was drawing a briar over me. Now if you call that love, I have been in l. ve.

"This is sooner said than done," as the fellow said not shaved himself with a handsaw.

"Two heads are better than one," as the eahbag said to the lawyer.

"I'll b-t'e the school in whi h learn'd to ride," as the loafer said when he practiced horsemanship on a rail.

You're a grate comfort as the loafer said when he was freezing over an empty fire place.

"It takes m- to go it," as the locomotive said when it led off a train of cars at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

"I vill sweeten his last moments," as the man said when he drowned the dog in the molasses vat.

"I am not fond of such vanities," as the hog said ven his owner put a ring in his snout.

"There's not in this wide world a vally so sweet," as a juvenile loafer whispered to himself, ven he had crept in o' a half empty sugar hoghead.

"Is that the fashion?" as the seller said ven the good people kindly give him a new suit of tar and feathers.

"We' a very perniver sensivation?" as the gal said ven the cook divested him of his small clothes.

## [Heartful Review.]

### SUBSTANCE OF THE REMARKS OF MR. JOSSELYN.

Of Lafayette, on the 11th instant. "In a set for the preservation and—of the rights and property of married women."

Mr. S. says:—In opposing this bill, I am not actuated by any hostility to the better half of creation; so far from it, on the contrary, such has been their uniform kindness to me at all times and under all circumstances, far beyond my poor deserts, that I can never entertain for them any other than feelings of the highest respect, admiration and love. Looking upon woman, as I do, as in truth the "last best gift" of the creator, without whom we should be as the language of the poet, like "a world without a sun," dark, cold and cheerless, I trust I would be the last man to infringe her rights as I would wish to be the first and foremost to defend them. But, sir, I believe the rights of our ladies, under the existing laws of the state are sufficiently extensive, that they need no extension of privileges, nor no additional safeguards. Why, sir, their power is already tremendous—their influence irresistible. With their sweet smiles and musical tones, and soft persuasive blandishments, what are they not able to effect? They have but to command and we obey; they have but to intimation a wish, and we hasten to gratify it. Our persons, our property, our warmest affections, our most devoted attentions, all are theirs. For them, we are willing to study and toil and struggle on, day after day, through the shade and the sunshine of life, and we are never so happy, as when we obtain their commendatory plaudits or still more grateful silent looks of approbation; nor so miserable, as when they withhold those favors. What more can they ask? Their rights, with regard to property, are already ample and well guarded—the real estate which they may possess previous to their marriage, cannot be disposed of by their husbands, unless they join in the conveyance; and as widows, they have an equal share with the children in the personal property, and are entitled to dower in all the lands of which their husbands may have been seized during the coverture, although they may have brought nothing and added nothing to the stock, common. Would they have more? Sir they want nothing more; unless, perhaps, the unmarried want good husbands, "a consumption by the way, most devoutly to be wished." But this bill proposes to give them separate estates, to establish a kind of limited partnership between man and wife, and to destroy that intimate connection, that unity of interest, which now exists between them. I object to this. I contend that there should be an entire union of interests as well as of the afflictions. Theirs should be a common fate in prosperity and in adversity—with the person should follow the fortune—he who

is worthy to possess the one, is certainly worthy to enjoy the other. No woman should bestow her hand upon him in whom she has not the most qualified confidence. If she doubts her fortune, let not the contract be made—let not the vows be spoken—they would be only a solemn mockery. If she cannot trust her property with him, who is to be her partner through wear & woher bosom companion, the depository of her thoughts, her feelings, her wishes, let her not trust her person. If she loves as woman can love, she will never wish to withhold that which must ever be the meanest part of her attractions. The young bride should feel and be ready to exclaim, in the language of the Scripture, "Thy country shall be my country, thy God my God, where thou livest I will live, where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried, nothing but death shall ever part thee and me!" Pass this bill and what will be the result? Where there should be union, there will be division. Confidence will be impaired—jealousy will arise—maternal instincts will occur—domestic happiness will be lost. The maxim of the law that the husband and wife are one, will no longer be true. There will be two heads of the family, two separate interests—if course there must be different counsellors. The husband will have his lawyer the wife her's—she will never consult him, for she will suppose him interested. Children will disregard the advice, the admonitions, and commands of their father, if their mother holds the property, they will look up to her and not to him. They will say, we are independent of you, you cannot disinherit us. The whole romance of love will be gone forever. It will be a plain matter-of-fact business—a mere thing of dollars and cents. Besides, sir, the passage of this bill will open wide the door to fraud. Property will be indirectly conveyed by husbands to their wives, and honest creditors will be defrauded and set at defiance. The insolvent husband may convert his effects into cash, and hand it over to his wife, who can purchase and hold property in her own name and right, how will you prevent this? Will you resort to equity?—Will you make husbands and wives testify for and against each other? I tell you, fraud upon fraud will be practised, and you cannot avoid it. Why should we abandon the good old common law for the less valuable principles of the civil law? It is indisputable, that where these prevail, there is far less virtue and morality, than in those countries which are governed more by the common law.

Where the necessity for this innovation upon a long established custom and law with which all are familiar, and nearly all satisfied? The state is not prepared for this change. The people do not require it. It may be said, that husbands, kind, temperate and provident at first, not unfrequently become dissipated, and squander their wives' fortunes as well as their own, and bring them to poverty and wretchedness. True, this will sometimes be—but better that a few individuals should sometimes suffer, than a whole community, from the effects of a bad law. And is not the reflection that his wife and children are alone dependent on him, well calculated to restrain a man from vice, to keep him from the gambling table and grog shop? It is, sir!—It must be a husband and a father. This bill, so far from improving, will injure the morals and degrade the high character of man. In conclusion, let me again repeat, my strong belief, that the ladies do not desire in passage, unless perhaps some of the more rough and masculine spirits, who may wish to engage in business, certain bank accommodations, and turn speculators. It really think so. I have ever desired a doting old age; and my health has been generally so good, and is now so good, that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength during the last winter has made me hope sometimes that I see—and during summer, I enjoy its temperature, but I shudder at the approach of winter, and wish I could sleep through it with the dormouse and only wake with him in the spring, if ever. They say that Starkie could walk about his room, I am told you walk well and firmly. I can only reach my garden, and that with sensible fatigue—I ride, however daily, but reading is my delight. I should never wish to put pen to paper; and the more because of the treacherous practice some people have of writing one's letter without leave.—Lord Mansfield declared it a branch of trust, and punishable at law. I think it should be penitentiary felony; yet you will have seen that it has drawn me into the arena of newspapers. Although I know it is too late for me to buckler on the armour of youth, yet my imagination would not permit me passively to receive the kick of an ass.

To turn to the news of the day, it seems that the cannibals of Europe are going to eat one another again. A war between Russia and Turkey is like the battle of the kite and snake, which ever destroys the other, leaves a destroyer the less for the world. This pugnacious humor of mankind seems to be the law of his nature, one of the obstacles to too great multiplication provided in the mechanismism of the universe. The cocks of the hen-yard kill one another; bears, bulls, rams do the same; and the horse in his wild state, kills all the young males, until worn down with age, and war, some vigorous youth kills him."—I hope we shall prove how much happier for man the Quaker policy is, and that the life of the feeder is better than that of the fighter; and it is some consolation that the dissolution of these mancuses of one part of the earth, is the means of improving it in other parts. Let the latter be our office; and let us milk the cow, while the Russian holds her by the horn, and the Turk by the tail—God bless you and give you health, strength, good spirits, and as much of life as you think worth having.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

MONTICELLO, June 11, 1822.

Dear Sir:—Half an hour ago I received, and this moment have heard read, for the third or fourth time, the best letter that ever was written by an Octogenarian, dated June 1st.

"And where are we to live?" said the widow.

"Here, unless you have a dislike to the place."

"Here!" screamed the widow, "here."

"Why not?" said the bachelot.

"It isn't my house," said the widow.

"Not yours?" nor the horses? nor the carriage? nor the servants?"

"No, nothing is mine."

"In the name of——, what are you madam?"

When S. E. T. arrived from India, I was to have been governess to his daughters; this house is his."

ADVICE FROM A PENNSYLVANIA POST.—I call myself an old bachelor, and frugal, peasant man, real this:

"When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says—on the front man's right side a tibia was taken from the woman, and never was it seen again straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, logive her faults and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is in vain to straighten what is curved."

The following correspondence between those eminent sages and patriots Jefferson and the elder Adams, replete with the utmost kindness of feeling, between men as far asunder in their politics as the poles, might be read with profit by politicians of the present time, of whose wrangling, bitter animosity and coarse abuse, it conveys a stern though just rebuke. The Kentucky Gazette of the 14th from which we extract it says:—"The good feeling which pervaded those lamented patriots, comes in striking contrast with the course pursued by the infeterate Whigs of the present day, towards the venerable John son."

FROM MR. JEFFERSON TO MR. ADAMS.

MONTICELLO, June 1, 1822.

It is very long, my dear sir, since I have written to you. My dislocated wrist is now become so stiff that I write slowly, and with pain; and, therefore, write as little as I can. Yes, it is due to mutual friendship to ask once in a while how we do? The papers tell us that Gen. Starkie is off at the age of ninety-three—still lives, at about the same age, cheerful, slender as a grasshopper, and so much without memory that he scarcely recognises the members of his household. An intimate friend of his called upon him long since. It was difficult to make him recollect who he was, and when; one hour, he told him the same story four times over. Is this life? Is this life? To stand on tiptoe, pace the round Eternal!—to bear and bear!

The beaten track—to see what we have seen To taste the tasted—o'er our paths to decent

Another vintage?

It is, at most, but the life of a cabbage, surely not worth a wish. When all our faculties have left, or are leaving us, as

by one, sight, hearing, memory, every avenue of pleasing sensation is closed, and Anthony, Ability, and Malice left in their places, when the friends of our youth are all gone; and a generation is risen around us whom we know not, is death an evil?

When one by one our ties are torn; And friend from friend is snatched forlorn; When man is left alone to mourn, Ch, ch, ch, how sweet it is to die!

When trembling limbs refuse their weight; And fits slow gathering dim the sight; When clouds obscure the morn a' light; 'Tis nature's kindest boon to die!

I really think so. I have ever desired a doting old age; and my health has been generally so good, and is now so good, that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength during the last winter has made me hope sometimes that I see—and during summer, I enjoy its temperature, but I shudder at the approach of winter, and wish I could sleep through it with the dormouse and only wake with him in the spring, if ever. They say that Starkie could walk about his room, I am told you walk well and firmly. I can only reach my garden, and that with sensible fatigue—I ride, however daily, but reading is my delight. I should never wish to put pen to paper; and the more because of the treacherous practice some people have of writing one's letter without leave.

Lord Mansfield declared it a branch of trust, and punishable at law.

I think it should be penitentiary felony; yet you will have seen that it has drawn me into the arena of newspapers. Although I know it is too late for me to buckler on the armour of youth, yet my imagination would not permit me passively to receive the kick of an ass.

To turn to the news of the day, it seems that the cannibals of Europe are going to eat one another again. A war between Russia and Turkey is like the battle of the kite and snake, which ever destroys the other, leaves a destroyer the less for the world.

This pugnacious humor of mankind seems to be the law of his nature, one of the obstacles to too great multiplication provided in the mechanismism of the universe. The cocks of the hen-yard kill one another; bears, bulls, rams do the same; and the horse in his wild state, kills all the young males, until worn down with age, and war, some vigorous youth kills him.

I hope we shall prove how much happier for man the Quaker policy is, and that the life of the feeder is better than that of the fighter; and it is some consolation that the dissolution of these mancuses of one part of the earth, is the means of improving it in other parts.

While we return sincere thanks for the patronage already so nobly afforded us, we take this opportunity of soliciting a countenance. More especially we call upon the south for support—and are well assured that our appeal will not be in vain.

To turn to the news of the day, it seems that the cannibals of Europe are going to eat one another again. A war between Russia and Turkey is like the battle of the kite and snake, which ever destroys the other, leaves a destroyer the less for the world.

This pugnacious humor of mankind seems to be the law of his nature, one of the obstacles to too great multiplication provided in the mechanismism of the universe. The cocks of the hen-yard kill one another; bears, bulls, rams do the same; and the horse in his wild state, kills all the young males, until worn down with age, and war, some vigorous youth kills him.

I hope we shall prove how much happier for man the Quaker policy is, and that the life of the feeder is better than that of the fighter; and it is some consolation that the dissolution of these mancuses of one part of the earth, is the means of improving it in other parts.

While we return sincere thanks for the patronage already so nobly afforded us, we take this opportunity of soliciting a countenance. More especially we call upon the south for support—and are well assured that our appeal will not be in vain.

To turn to the news of the day, it seems that the cannibals of Europe are going to eat one another again. A war between Russia and Turkey is like the battle of the kite and snake, which ever destroys the other, leaves a destroyer the less for the world.

This pugnacious humor of mankind seems to be the law of his nature, one of the obstacles to too great multiplication provided in the mechanismism of the universe. The cocks of the hen-yard kill one another; bears, bulls, rams do the same; and the horse in his wild state, kills all the young males, until worn down with age, and war, some vigorous youth kills him.

I hope we shall prove how much happier for man the Quaker policy is, and that the life of the feeder is better than that of the fighter; and it is some consolation that the dissolution of these mancuses of one part of the earth, is the means of improving it in other parts.

All communications in relation to the Messenger, must be addressed to T. W. WHITE, Richmond, Va.

MR. ADAM'S REPLY.

MONTICELLO, June 11, 1822.

Dear Sir:—Half an hour ago I received, and this moment have heard read, for the third or fourth time, the best letter that ever was written by an Octogenarian, dated June 1st.

"And where are we to live?" said the widow.

"Here, unless you have a dislike to the place."

"Here!" screamed the widow, "here."

"Why not?" said the bachelot.

"It isn't my house," said the widow.

"Not yours?" nor the horses? nor the carriage? nor the servants?"

"No, nothing is mine."

"In the name of——, what are you madam?"

When S. E. T. arrived from India, I was to have been governess to his daughters; this house is his."

bearing; pretty good, memory poor.

Answer your question—is death un-

til it is not, an ev'l. It is a blessing to the individual, and to the world; you ought not to wish for it until life becomes insupportable. We must wait the pleasure and convenience of the "Great Being." Winter is as terrible to me as to you. I am almost reduced in it to the use of a bear or a torpid swallow. I cannot read, but my delight is to hear others read; and I tax all my friend's most mercifully and tyrannically against their consent.

The ass has kicked in vain; all men say the dull animal has missed the mark.

This globe is a theatre of war; its inhabitants are all heroes. The little ells in vinegar, and the animalculæ in pepper water, I believe, are quarrelsome. The bees are as warlike as the Romans, Russians, Britons or Frenchmen. Ants, caterpillars and cankerworms, are the only

libles among whom I have not seen bat-

les and Heaven itself, if we believe Hin-

doo, Jews, Christians, and Mahometans;

has not always been at peace.

We need not trouble ourselves about these things, nor fret ourselves, because of evil doers;

but safely trust the Ruler with his skies!

Now need we dread the approach of dog-

age; let it come, if it must—it seems,

still delight in his four stories, an Starkie

remembered to the last, his Bennington,

and exulted in his glory; the worst of

the present time, of whose wrangling,

bitter animosity and coarse abuse,

it conveys a stern though just rebuke.